



## A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

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### NEW LONDON.

New London is a city of Connecticut, and a port of entry. It is situated on the west bank of the river Thames, three miles from its mouth. The shipping belonging to the port is extensive and valuable, and is principally employed in the coasting trade, in the fisheries, and in the West India trade. New London contains a court-house, two banks, an insurance office, two newspaper establishments, and five places of worship. The amount of shipping in the district is about 20,000 tons.

The view represented in the plate, is taken from Manwaring's Hill, in the rear of the city—a pleasant eminence, and affording a fine prospect of the whole city and harbor, its fortifications and islands.

In the autumn of 1813, Commodore Decatur, with the frigate United States, and the sloop of war Hornet, was vigorously blockaded in the harbor of New London, by a British squadron under the command of Sir T. Hardy. Here, for several months, Commodore Decatur led an inactive and uneasy life. Numerous skirmishes, however, were constantly occurring between parties of the British and the inhabitants of the neighboring town. Midshipman Ten Eyke, of the United States, on one occasion, surprised and captured two lieutenants, two warrant officers and five seamen, in a house on Gardner's Island. Incursions into the neighboring states were frequent with the British forces, in the course of which, immense quantities of valuable shipping and stores were destroyed. Their conduct, however, was not marked by that savage brutality which distinguished the carnages at Havre de Grace and Hampton. Individual property was almost invariably respected. In July, 1814, the blockading squadron received orders to take possession of Moose Island, opposite to the province of New Brunswick, and on the western side of Passamaquoddy Bay, in the territory of the United States. Having done this, he returned to his old ground before New London; and, on the 9th of August, commenced the unsuccessful attack on Stonington.

### SELECT TALES.

#### THE CONFESSION OF A SUFFERING MURDERER.

Who shall minister to mind diseased;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

I open wounds over which time has no healing influence; I open as a warning to others—as a beacon to show where many a mortal's happiness is wrecked.

The infliction of his death is not an adequate punishment for the crime of murder; there is a misery far beyond this—it is that of living—of living to feel the hideous consequences of guilt, to suffer the stinging of a restless conscience, and

to have no refuge from its constant torments. My life has been a revolution of eventful vicissitudes, yet in the varied scenes of misery through which I have been doomed to pass, there has been one shade more dense than all the rest—one tinge of moral hopelessness to which my other griefs are but as idle imaginings, as trivial records. It is true indeed, that the world looks upon me with an eye of complacency; and that in falling into the yellow sere I have "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" but these empty vanities I turn from with a galled spirit, and envy the nothingness and oblivion which may shroud the remnant of my miserable existence—for I am a murderer!—*the murderer of helpless infancy!*—This is the sorrow which has, like the Upas tree, poisoned every prospect, and has called forth from the oppressed brain "withering thoughts that the world cannot know."

My history is simple—but could I record the countless tears, the example would not pass away unheeded. My parents were in the middle station of life, and at an early age I was married to a person in a similar rank of society. We lived contented, and therefore happy. Our residence was in a large town in a western county, from whence my husband was accidentally called to transact some business which detained him some months from home. He left me the mother of a healthy boy; he found me—but the fearful word will come soon enough. To beguile the weary moments of my husband's absence, I was induced at intervals to mingle with society, and this led me from my home. I had, perhaps, been allowed too much indulgence by my parents, who accustomed me to countless gaieties, so that solitude came upon me as a fearful blank, as a melancholy. One dreadful night—the memory of which will never lose its deep intensity—I had undressed my smiling boy, then about three years old; he took his farewell of me after I had joined his tiny hands in prayer, and I then left him to enjoy that peaceful repose which I hoped would renew his health and vigor. Happy are the affluent! their tender nurslings are fostered by care, and shielded by studied attention. But this was not to be my blessed lot, nor that of my darling boy; yet was he as beautiful as the richest and the proudest of them all, and his caresses to me were as dear as if he had been arrayed in the splendid robes of opulence. I was living in lodgings, and my only two apartments communicated by a door which generally remained open. When I left my child that night, sleeping with his face pillowed upon his downy arm, I had no intention of going beyond the next room, where I sat down, and im-

agination soon brought to my mind the gaieties of my youth, and my loneliness became irksome. At this time a thoughtless companion called, and wished me to accompany her to a card party. I went, the cheerfulness of the assemblage induced me to prolong my absence, and hours passed by unheeded. At length a returning sense of my duty called me home. I had relied upon the generally sound slumbers of my child, and imagined I should find him asleep, as I had done when I had previously indulged in the fatal practice. I found the inmates of the house where I lodged in a state of confusion—some horrid words caught my ear as I rushed along—the door of my apartment was broken open, and my boy—my rosy cherub—lay there a blackened and disfigured sufferer. His pain was too intense for the usual cries of infancy, but in their stead he uttered a plaintive continued moan, every tone of which echoed the dying peal of my happiness: I was frantic with grief, but my sorrow availed not. I watered his wounds with my tears. I would have given worlds—I would have bartered every joy to hear the slightest word of endearment from his swollen lips, but he never spoke again! And in the moment when the last sigh of dissolving Nature heaved on his lips, he turned his glazing eye upon me, and in a piercing look, through which beamed the intelligence of a superior being, he reproached me; yes, the darling babe of my bosom reproached me for my cruelty. That look has haunted me ever since, and even now it glares upon me—I must pause.\*\*\*\*\*A few more tears have I shed to thy memory, my child! I would fain complete my sorrowful task, and not permit vain regrets to be the only fruit of my penitence. The fearful tale of my boy's accident was soon rudely told by the unfeeling witnesses of my agony. He had awakened, and on my not replying to his calls, had wandered into the sitting room, where by some accident, which must ever remain a mystery, the fire caught to his night clothes. He screamed, but before assistance could be rendered, the flames had done their work of death, and shrivelled his delicate skin, which was fairer than monumental alabaster. He died, and I watched for days and nights by his mangled corpse. Oh! how terribly were these moments! I gazed upon the trifles which had beguiled his fancy, and when midnight lent its deep silence to the scene, I was started by his jocund laugh of happiness; but it closed with the moaning of pain, and it chilled my heart. I startled—but found I had slept. I was alone with my dear boy. At last the grave closed upon him, but still I felt no change, for my joy and hope were buried with him. My

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husband returned; he had doated on our child, and shed bitter tears for his death. But this was not all—he felt that I was a murderer! the murderer of my child!

True, he did not openly reproach me: that I could have borne with patience, because I deserved it; but in the cold averted glance, in the pensive sigh of misery, I felt all he would fain conceal. In the lone and stilly hours of night, when conscious guilt banished sleep from my pillow, I have marked his anguish—anguish which I could not soothe, which I dare not question. This could not last. His constitution naturally delicate, received a shock in the calamity of his child, from which he never recovered, and after lingering some months in a decline, his sorrows were ended in death. In dying, his grief changed itself to words—he declared that he forgave me—“but”—I cannot tell the rest. He sleeps beside our ill-starred boy. Here was a second being consigned to the grave through my negligence. Why did I not follow? Why—that my penance might be fulfilled, that I might feel the desolation I had brought upon myself? I am now alone in a crowded world!

And now, all is past away; returning years have brought seasons of hope to the innocent and happy—but to me they come without a smile—without a blessing. Still I see the dying glance of my babe, and the echoes of my husband's reproach; and when I behold the children of my acquaintance gladdening their homes, and cheering their hearts with innocent prattle, I turn to departed days, and from my inmost soul wish I had died in giving birth to my sainted cherub!

The Journal of Commerce relates a singular instance of the superstitions of seamen. On the outward passage of the ship President to Charleston, a sailor on board expressed his conviction that a storm which arose, was an especial evidence of the wrath of Heaven against him, and that the divine vengeance could only be propitiated by him casting himself into the sea; which he did, notwithstanding all the efforts made to dissuade him from his purpose or prevent its execution. The Journal adds: When the ship was returning to this city, a storm of considerable violence arose, which called forth all the superstition of the mariners, and a cry became universal, that she would go down unless “Sam's” chest was thrown overboard. A Scotchman was among the most bigoted portion of the crew; and having more dread of the elements than of the captain, he by some means or other procured the chest of poor “Sam,” and entombed it in the grave of its owner. The storm almost immediately abated—calmness reigned upon the face of the waters, and a fine breeze wafted the ship to the mouth of the harbor.

Here, however, the winds became unpropitious; and a squall from the land drove them off the coast. Discontent again manifested its influence, and a general search took place to ascertain whether any thing belonging to the suicide, remained on board. After the fore-castle had been duly searched, an old shoe was discovered, and hastily yielded up as a sacrifice to Æolus. The wind again subsided, and a fair wind brought them into port; the whole scene, without doubt, confirming their minds in the superstition they had cherished.

A critic in Boston says that the voice of Miss George, the vocalist, is as soft as a flute.

**BARRY, THE FAMOUS PAINTER.**—The following anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who had received it from Burke, Barry's early and steady friend. This great orator, with whom the painter had frequently dined, being aware of the most of his eccentricities, and wishing much to see in what way he conducted his household concerns, requested to be asked to dinner. Barry replied, “Sir, you know I live alone, but if you will partake of a steak, I can answer for your having it hot, and from the best rump in the most classic market in London.” “I will dine with you,” replied Mr. Burke; “but mind, you must not let me put you the least out of your way.”—“You shall dine as I do, Sir,” observed Barry: “there shall be no auxiliaries,” turning his head to the sideboard, of glittering plate and glass. A day was then fixed. Upon Mr. Burke's arrival at 35, Castle-st. Oxford Market, his host conducted him into the painting room, which had undergone no alteration whatever from the period when it had been used as a carpenter's shop. It was partly occupied by his large picture of *Pandora*; but principally with whole-length portraits of the persons who sat to him for his Adelphi pictures, together with numerous old straining-frames; a printing press, for he printed his own plates, and thousands of cobwebs. Most of the windows of this painting-room were either cracked or broken; the tiles of its ceilingless roof were as wide apart and as much mutilated, as those which appear in the first state of Hogarth's print of the strolling Actresses in a Barn: and the small fire-place was filled with a grate large enough for the carpenter's glue pot. However, it was under this roof the great Burke was to dine. The fire burned clear, the steaks were put on, and Barry, who assumed no false pomp, though he had means of comfort within his reach, after spreading a towel upon a small, round, three-legged table just large enough for two plates, the beer, and bread, put a pair of tongues in his visiter's hand, requesting him to turn the steaks, while he went for a pot of porter; and upon his return, with his usual consistency of bluntness, swore that the wind had taken off the head just as he was crossing Titchfield-street.

**A PIOUS IMPOSTOR.**—Mademoiselle Gonjot made her appearance on the 19th inst. before the Correctional Police Court at Paris, clothed as a *devotee*, with a gown of black serge, a small white bonnet with a narrow front, a white collar, to which was attached a small crucifix, and a rosary on her finger; she wore a ring of the Holy Ghost. Her appearance was modest; her eyes were cast down, and her whole countenance was the picture of true innocence. She had been for a long time, as she informed the Court, the inhabitant of a community of religious women. After a noviciate of some years, the Superior not finding in her a decided vocation for a religious life, but a face calculated to do good in the world. She followed this advice, and commenced her career, seeking every where pious souls, and asking charitable contributions of them. She introduced herself into houses, provided with a certificate from the superior of a religious community of Ponthieu, a certificate which she had stolen from the lady, who discovered that she had a face calculated to do good in the world. When she had collected a sufficient sum it was her intention to found a hospital for poor orphans, under the protection of Saint Joseph. This pious intention produced her the sum of 4,900 francs, which she took

care of for herself. She waited for a still larger sum to carry her charitable design into execution. The public prosecutor thought she waited too long, and he was rude enough to see something fraudulent in the employment of false certificates to accomplish a piece of swindling. The Court was of a similar opinion, and sentenced the philanthropist to 16 months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of fifty francs. Without afflicting herself much at her sentence, she exclaimed, “will you give me my money which is in the office?” She was still occupied, no doubt, with the project of a house for orphans.—*French paper.*

A cargo of lobsters being lately taken to Carlsham, seventy-four persons who had eaten of them, were seized with immediate sickness, with symptoms of mineral poison. Mr. Smith, the Russian Vice Consul, and two other persons, died. Search was made for the owner of the vessel who had brought them, but he had left, and is not known. A ship captain, who was brought up to the lobster-fishing, and now resides at Carlsham, says that when lobsters are to be sent to a distant part, it is usual to parboil them, and to strew each layer with salt and a little mercury to keep them fresh. This seems to explain the mystery, into which the Crown Prince has ordered a strict investigation to be made. Several persons have been taken ill, and one died in a few hours at Christianstad, where the master of the vessel sold the first part of his cargo.

The London Weekly Review is the title of a new literary periodical, but recently established in London, and is considered a formidable rival to the London Literary Gazette—a paper notorious for the delight it takes in libelling and traducing every thing American. Every possible resource within the reach of man, is said to be exerted by the proprietors of the Weekly Review, to furnish the latest intelligence of every kind, at a vast expense, as many persons must necessarily be employed in collecting it from all quarters of the city and country. Its literary matter is also excellent—in every respect equal to the Literary Gazette. Many choice poetical articles have appeared in its columns, from which we select the subjoined, as a good specimen.

#### THE BARK OF DEATH.

In Faney's world a valley lies  
Of dark and fearful hue,  
Where noiseless, viewless, vast of size,  
A river oozes through.

Across that river to and fro  
A bark still gliding keeps;  
Yet stirs it not that wave below,  
In silence dreads that sleeps.

For spectral as a cloud by night  
That bark appears to view;  
Nor can the form that guides its flight  
Be seen the darkness through.

'Tis Death! a shadow huge and dim  
He sits, to pilot o'er  
Enfranchised ghosts, recalled by him  
From Time's sprite-haunted shore.

O whither glides that spectral bark?  
Far mid the gloom 'tis gone!—  
Again, through vista long and dark,  
It comes,—with Death alone!

Once more to Time's o'ershadowed coast  
It speeds!—once more appears,  
Surcharged with many a silent ghost,  
And towards the Future steers.

And thus, while Time's dread course shall last,  
O'er that dark river's tide,  
To fill the Future from the Past,  
Death's bark will ever glide.



## VARIETIES.

The cold weather and snow have caused many white Partridges to come from the north to the Vicinity of Quebec. How interesting to us, here in and about Philadelphia.

The report of Wm. Watson's death in our last Bulletin, is untrue.—He was said to have been killed near Pittsburg.

It is ascertained that oil, filtered through charcoal, will burn equal in brightness to the best gas. How is it to be done?

Gen. Jackson is said to be in ill health. Who does the law make President if he die before the 4th of March?

A sheet iron steam-boat, 50 feet long, 16 wide, and drawing two feet of water, came through the Dismal Swamp Canal a fortnight since.

The Boston booksellers advertise "Morganiana, or the wonderful life and terrible death of Wm. Morgan, written by himself."

In Philadelphia and Liberties there are 194 Lottery Offices. Some of the citizens wish to have them taxed.

The labor of the prisoners in the Maryland Penitentiary, has produced a sum exceeding the whole expenses by \$9804.

An association has been formed in Boston for the education of the blind.

The dead body of a new-born female child was found near Alger's wharf, South Boston, on the 24th. No marks of violence were perceptible, but a physician thinks it was born alive.

359 steamers, and 110 keel boats arrived at St. Louis, Missouri, last year. Wharfage collected, \$1666.

At a husking, "a kiss all round" is the reward for every red ear of corn—of course there is always a scramble for these passports to favor. The good natured girl generally contrives to throw such as she may find into the way of the rustic beau who is nearest her.

An honest Ohio editor says to his subscribers, that he will take rags or any thing, in pay for his paper. So would many others.

A NEAT ONE.—The Boston Palladium, in giving an account from another paper, of the custom of suffering dogs to enter houses of worship, observes,—This evil does not exist in Boston. The dogs, instead of disturbing divine service, go out of town with those who have no time to attend meeting.

The Senate of Ohio, has passed a bill taxing Old Bachelors for the support of schools, and it was expected to pass the House by a large vote.

It is stated in the New York papers, that two hundred and twenty eight persons were confined for debt, in that city, without any allowance for fuel, clothing, or food. Nevertheless, provision must be made for the suffering Greeks!

The family of the late William Cummins, of Indiana, were poisoned recently, by eating honey which had been kept in glazed earthen vessels. A young lady had died, but the rest, it was thought, would recover.

S. Foot, of Fondanbush, Pa. was found dead in his bed, recently. P. McKie, Jr. a newly-appointed coroner, worded his maiden verdict thus, "That he came to his death in the natural way."

The gentleman with his team of dogs has travelled from Boston to Providence, R. I. where he was seen on Wednesday week, going at the rate of five miles per hour.

A man was found dead on Tuesday last on the turnpike leading from Elizabethtown (N. J.) to Rahway. He had on clothes of thick fustian—had lost the fore finger of his left hand—had a cross on his right arm, and was between 40 and 50 years of age.

A few English Items.—John Hopkins, near Arundel, was fined 10l. for shooting a pheasant on Sunday.

On Thursday, an explosion of foul air took place in the Eye Pit, near Newcastle, by which three men and eleven boys were killed, one man only surviving out of all employed there at that moment, and he was severely burnt.

Upwards of 30,000 pears were, during the last autumn, gathered from a single tree, of no very extraordinary size, in a garden of Badkeilour!

Two British officers recently received 600 lashes each, for slander. It was a striking punishment.

A new sect, called Nazarene Cariates, has lately sprung up in Craven, Eng. Their distinguishing tenet is that religious assemblies can lawfully be held only in barns.

Talleyrand said that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

The Attorney General of Massachusetts, now nearly eighty years of age, and said to be more competent in the discharge of the arduous duties of his highly honorable station than almost any practitioner at the bar, on account of his great learning and experience, as well as a remarkable exertion of mental power, was managing a case in behalf of the Commonwealth in Middlesex county, where a man was indicted for gouging out the eyes of a girl, because she had made oath that he was the father of her illegitimate child.—Her brother, an intelligent lad nine years of age, was on the stand as a Government witness; and his relation of the facts which he saw, produced an electrical effect on the whole audience. The girl was also present, in total blindness; and every circumstance attending the investigation of this horrible barbarity, was highly exciting. The boy stated the preliminary circumstances, and then said:—"I was cutting bean poles round the barn, and my sister was milking; I heard her scream, and then I ran with a pole in my hand, and as I came up, I saw that he had pulled her over backwards; then he looked over his shoulders to see who was coming, and I struck him with the pole, and broke his jaw." "Why did you not repeat the blow?" exclaimed the Attorney General, carried away with the tremendous interest—"why did you not repeat the blow, and knock his d—d brains out?" "Mr. Attorney," said the Judge, "you well know that profanity in Court is a high offence, punishable with imprisonment; but, in consequence of the unusual excitement of the case, it will, in this instance, be overlooked."

## TO MY INFANT BOY.

Come, little Smiler! I have heard men say  
That in the looks of childhood one may trace  
The destiny of years; turn then this way,  
And I will read thy fortune in thy face.  
And now that I have shaded gracefully  
Those silken curls, that a glad brow conceal,  
Lavater would have worshipped, and thine eye  
On mine is smiling—what doth it reveal?  
My own within that magic glass appears  
Reflected bright; and there fond hope hath cast  
All that we love and wish—green as of far years  
That scatter flowers, with sunshine at the last.  
Go then, fair child—how happy shalt thou be!  
A Father's wishes are thy destiny.

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION OF LONDON.—In a late London paper, the number of oxen annually consumed in that city, is estimated at 110,000 calves, 30,000, sheep 770,000, lambs 350,000, hogs and pigs 200,000, besides animals of other kinds. The total amount of butchers' meat sold in the principal market, which is Smithfield, is estimated at £2,000,000 annually. There are, on an average, annually brought to Billingsgate market, 2500 cargoes of fish, of about forty tons each, about 90,000 tons by land carriage: in the whole 120,000 tons. The supply of poultry being inadequate to the demand, the prices are consequently high, and that article is mostly confined to the tables of the wealthy. The consumption of wheat in London may be estimated at 900,000 quarters, each containing eight Winchester bushels; of porter and ale, 2,000,000 barrels, each containing thirty-six gallons; spirits and compounds 1,000,000 gallons; wine 65,000 pipes; butter 21,000,000 lbs. and cheese 28,000,000 pounds. The quantity of coals consumed is about 200,000 chaldrons, of 36 bushels, or a ton and a half to each chaldron. About 9600 cows are kept in the vicinity of London, for supplying the inhabitants with milk, and they are supposed to yield nearly 7,900,000 gallons every year; even this great quantity, however, is considerably increased by the dealers, who adulterate it, by at least one fourth, with water, before they serve their customers. The difference of feeding cattle about the year 1700 and the present period, 1828, is strikingly illustrated by the following comparison:—In the year 1700, the average of the oxen sold in London market were 307 lbs; of calves 50; of sheep 23 lbs. of lambs 13 lbs. The present average weight is, of oxen 800 lbs. of calves 140 lbs. of sheep 80 lbs. and of lambs 30 lbs.

NAPOLEON'S BED-ROOM.—After Josephine had been divorced from Napoleon, it is stated, in a volume of memoirs just published, that "the Empress retaining for the Emperor an attachment approaching to adoration, would not allow even a chair to be disturbed in his apartment; and, instead of occupying herself, preferred being very indifferently lodged above stairs. Every thing remained exactly in the state as when the Emperor quitted his cabinet:—a book of history placed on his bureau, with the pages marked at which he had left off: the pen with which he had been writing retaining the ink that a moment later, might have dictated laws to Europe; a map of the world, on which he had been pointing out to his confidants his projects respecting the countries the invasion of which he meditated, and which bore marks of his impatience, occasioned probably some silly comment. Josephine alone undertook the office of dusting what she called 'his relics'; and she seldom gave any one permission to enter the sanctuary. Napoleon's Roman bed was without curtains; his arms were hung on the walls of the chamber; and various parts of mail dress were scattered over the furniture. It seemed as if he were about to enter a place from whence he had banished himself forever."

STEAKS.—People who want to enjoy a steak should eat it with shalots and tarragon. Mr. Cobbett says, an orthodox clergyman once told him that he and six others once ate some beef-steaks with shalots and tarragon, and that they "voted unanimously, that beef-steaks were never so eaten before."

## MISS FRANCES WRIGHT.

We take pleasure in inserting the following notice in our columns, taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser, which deserves great praise for its successful shafts against the spread of Miss Wright's infidel principles.

The first number of Miss Wright's *Free Enquirer* has at length made its appearance. To the citizens of New York, who have been heretofore happily removed from the scenes of infidel warfare, and who were therefore unacquainted with the mode of combat of Deistical writers, the contents of this paper will be a source of considerable surprise. There has been such a flourish of trumpets preceding the entrance of this literary *Semiramis*—we have been so deafened by the clamor and chatterings of this petticoated infidel, that many of us, in our simplicity, imagined that some new and irresistible attack was to be made on the pillars of our support in this world, and our hope after death; but the surprise is over, and with it our fear. The blasphemous Journal has appeared; and a more empty, insignificant, and tedious paper—a paper evincing more intellectual imbecility has not been sent forth in our city. No wit—no reasoning—no facts—no theories—no sense are to be seen; no writing above the mediocrity of a schoolboy's theme; nothing to save the reader from unmitigated ennui, but an occasional audacious profanity, which excites, for the poor creatures whose infatuated guilt has produced it, at once the reader's horror and compassion—

"Persist, by reason, sense and law unawd,

But learn, ye dunces, not to scorn your God!"

No!—such of our fellow creatures as have been startled by the threatenings of our modern Atheists, may rest assured that what the reasoning of *Diderot*, and *Hume* and *Gibbon* could not shake—what the wit of *Voltaire* and *Byron* assailed in vain; against which *Bolingbroke* splintered his dazzling weapon—will never be injured by *Frances Wright* & *Robert Dale Owen*. Nor will the humble believer in his Bible's truth—"a truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew"—be endangered in his treasured faith; for the *Free Enquirer* is as unattractive to the unlettered, as it is contemptible to the cultivated reader.

This Frances Wright is nothing new in the philosophical world. She is the mere imitator of *Mary Wolstoncraft*, whose "Rights of Woman" attracted such attention thirty years ago; but an imitator without the seductive eloquence, and what is better, without the innate loveliness of her prototype. We have read all Miss Wright's trash about "Priestcraft—reason, and the tyranny over woman," when she was ten years old, and in far better language, than that of the *Free Enquirer*. The world has read it too; and yet woman remains, what Miss Wright by example and precept would destroy, the chaste wife and constant friend of man—supporting the two extremes of life, and charming and delighting its interval.

What might not Miss Frances Wright have been, if niggard, or rather too redundant nature had not disqualified her to be an interesting woman? Start not at this remark, philosophic Frances! it is only Mr. Owen's theory of Circumstances. According to your doctrine, circumstances might have made Cæsar himself but the "best wrestler on the green." Ah! had generous nature given a pretty foot, it had never worn a blue stocking; had the waist been "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," it had never been exhibited to the coarse stare of the theatre gal-

lery; had the mouth been handsome, altogether

"The apothegm were light as air,  
Yet red the lips—and oh! what wisdom there;"

in short, had the philosopher been a pretty girl, the honest mother of a numberless family had been made, of what is now a sterile spinster, fruitful only in crazy theories, and unsexed atheism. To leave Poetry, which has certainly little connexion with my subject, it is a curious speculation, but true as the doctrine of circumstances, that cruel disabilities of nature to shine in the domestic circle, have produced the modern exhibition, which *Lavater* says, is more disgusting than a "woman with a beard."

In taking leave of the subject, I congratulate all who reverence Religion, on the character of the *Free Enquirer*. It can do no harm, but to those who furnish the "Royal Quarto" and the printing ink. It carries its antidote with it. Inaccurate as the "Tour in America,"—fabulous as "the Days in Athens,"—and chimerical as the "Institutions of New Harmony," its imbecile dulness renders it harmlessly wicked. A MAN OF THE WORLD.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Washington, Feb. 3d, 1829.

In my last communication I had but very little of interest to relate, owing to the tardy nature of the proceedings of so heavy a machine as our National Legislature. I know of no place where a man is more likely to become ennuied than here—unless, indeed, he is on intimate terms with the fair daughters of Eve, who, like myself, have come here to see, and whose engagements to parties and so forth, are so few and far between, that it becomes their interest to be sociable to prevent the worst of enemies, time, hanging round their lovely necks, and spoiling the dimpled cheek and winning smile. One of my greatest annoyances is the distance one has to travel to arrive at a destined point—the city itself being ten miles in circumference, and the public buildings scattered as far apart as inconvenience would permit—added to the most miry streets, makes it imperative on all who regard their own comfort, to ride—and this, you know, is troublesome to one's pocket. In proportion to the population, no city in Europe or America with which I am acquainted, has so many hackney coaches, and to say no city in the known world has half as impudent coachmen, is to express but half the insult and imposition one must submit to—but let that pass; time will pave the streets and regulate the coaches, till when, I must take up the thread of my discourse, and inform you what Congress are about. The Senate have passed the bill authorising a subscription to the Louisville and Portland Canal. Much excitement prevails on the subject of the abolition of slavery in this District. Mr. Marks has presented the several resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania on this subject, instructing their representatives to endeavour to procure its total abrogation; this national stain is not, however, likely to be removed this session. The example of Pennsylvania should be imitated by her sister states. Lottery tickets, it is at length decided, shall be prohibited here. Numerous private bills have been discussed, and then laid on the table, there to lay with the 10,000 previously deposited in the same place.

On the 28th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Adams took leave of their fashionable friends previous to retiring from their official stations, with one of the most splendid balls and supper, ever seen in this or any other district of the United States. The supper is considered an innovation, and the dancing might have been dispensed with—I suspect there was more joy in the hearts of the visitors than the visited. General Jackson is looked for this week,

and happy is the wight who has secured a place as large as a coffin to sleep in the next month, when there is every prospect of a perfect jam to witness the inauguration. If coffin hand-bills would do to sleep in, they might be sold to a profit—at all events, if it is your intention to be here, you had better bring some of them, or something else, to lay your head upon.

There are said to be seven thousand street-walking beggars in London; and their daily earnings, if the word may be so applied, are calculated to amount, in the aggregate, to seven hundred pounds sterling, or two shillings each. Their mode of life is thus described:—Each of them has a favorite house of resort where they sleep of a night. In some houses a fellow stands at the door and takes the money: for threepence they have straw, for fourpence they have clean straw, and for sixpence they have a mattress to sleep on. The servants go and examine all the places to see that all is free from felony; and then they are let out into the streets just as the doors of a jail are opened, and at night they come in again.—They have a general meeting in the course of the year; and each day they are divided into companies, and each company has its particular walk—the whole company taking the most beneficial walks in town, keeping it half an hour, or three or four hours, as agreed upon. It is estimated every one expends two shillings a day, and sixpence for a bed. Their earnings vary much; some get five shillings a day.—There are many lodging houses, besides public houses; but however wretched and depraved the beggar and inhabitants of these lodging houses may be, they were worse twenty years ago, for then there was no "honor among thieves," the sheets of the lodging houses having the names of the owners painted on them in large characters of red lead, in order to prevent their being bought, if stolen, thus:—"Mary Jordan, Diot-street—stop thief." At this time the pokers, shovels, tongs, grid-irons, and purl pots of the public houses, particularly the Maiden Head, in Diot-st. (since pulled down,) were all chained to the fire-place. The last cookshop where the knives and forks were chained on the table was on the South side of High-street—kept by a man of the name of Folsell. The major part of the London beggars are impostors. Very few of the beggars who pretend to be lame are so. There was James Turner, a well known beggar, who has been known to spend 50s. a week for board, and who values his time 1s. per hour. His wife keeps "an academy for females," for the purpose of teaching the art and mystery of begging.

**DISTRESSING FIRE.**—A light, is discovered in the direction of Fall River, Mass. on Wednesday evening, led to apprehensions that some of the factories in that village were burnt. We learn by a letter from that place, that about half past seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a dwelling house, in the centre of the village, a short distance from the bank, took fire and was consumed, with nearly one half of the furniture. The house was occupied by Mr. Samuel Chase, (house carpenter) to whom it belonged, and Mr. P. H. Earle, merchant tailor, whose sister, a young girl, was burnt to death in the house. The unfortunate girl had been subject to fits, and was probably incapable of escaping, from the effects of fright. Mr. Earle's wife, who was confined to her bed by sickness, was saved from the flames. The loss is estimated at \$3,000, and we regret to add that there was no insurance.



## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 21.

Among the interesting sights to which we have been invited during the last week, we must not omit to mention the very splendid and valuable *Ortery*, now in possession of Mr. Joseph Roberts, at Friends' Academy, South Fourth street. This wonderful piece of ingenuity was invented and made by the celebrated astronomer, *Rittenhouse*, well known as a resident of Philadelphia. At his death it came into the possession of the Philadelphia University, where it was suffered to remain, covered with dust, and in detached parts, until Mr. Roberts was induced to make an application to the trustees for liberty to put it in order. They cheerfully granted his request, and it is now in complete and perfect condition. Mr. Roberts informs us that it will show the motions of the planets for 2000 years to come, without any material variation from the tables calculated by the most scientific.

The whole is a pleasing and instructive monument of the genius of man, and our city and University in particular have cause to be proud of possessing it.

*An Elephant*.—One of these immense quadrupeds is now in this city and may be seen in company with a number of other animals at No. 333 South Second Street. This poor fellow who is as docile as could be wished, has been in the United States a considerable time, and has made the tour of almost all the Union, gathering money and apples wherever they were to be found. In one of his perambulations while in the state of Georgia, he was exhibited in a frame house, which, though not finished for the residence of man, proved a very comfortable residence for beasts. On attempting to leave the premises, however, the elephant stuck fast in the door-way, and becoming enraged at the impediment, he forced himself through, pulling down the house in his retreat. His left hip was broken by the weight of a falling rafter, and he has become a cripple for life—the fracture was not to be healed by human art, and nature was left to perform the duty; a huge misshapen-leg is the consequence, and the sympathies of visitors are excited whenever he moves his huge body, limping upon three legs. We confess we should be glad if we had never seen him; the pain he experiences is very great, and if he belonged to us, we should certainly deprive him of that existence which cannot but be a burden. The rest of the exhibition is equally disagreeable; a set of monkeys are whipped and abused till they consent to ride in a correct manner and attitude, a small poney, who is also belabored for his inattention to the comfort of his red-coated companions; the true objects of an exhibition, such as showing the natural instincts and habits of the wild roamers of the forests, are thus frittered away, to make room for the display of silly antics and vulgar buffoonery. In the hands of an intelligent keeper, this menagerie would acquire a very different character of visitors. We know not which to pity the most, the whipped monkeys or their master.

*Pelham, &c.*—Among the works that have lately attracted the attention of the public, "*Pelham*," or the adventures of a Gentleman," has been the most conspicuous. It has received from the editorial fraternity, both unwarranted praise and censure. We have read it attentively—and, although, perhaps, rather late in the day, we will express our opinion of its merits, in a few words, and tho' we cannot, with Brooks, of the New York Courier, pronounce it superior to any of the author of Waverley's productions, yet we fully agree with him that it is a highly interesting novel. We believe it is Dr. Johnson who remarks that, "Time, which is constantly washing away the dissoluble fabrics of other authors, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare." The same is true of the "*Literary Lion*," Sir Walter Scott—and

that work must needs be almost without blemish, to surpass in beauty and interest the finished labors of the "*Wizzard of the North*." But, on the other hand, it has been advanced, that Pelham was an indifferent thing, with tolerable language, but without plot, and that the scenes were forced and unnatural, and that the reader was constantly impressed, while perusing it, of its entire fiction. We think it would be difficult for any one to follow the author through his delineations of the human character, exhibited in the personages he introduces, without being deeply interested. There is, it is true, much flippant, trivial conversation, interspersed; but it is all in perfect keeping. The circumstances in which his characters are differently placed, do not follow each other so naturally as in the Waverley novels, but this does not beguile any interest from the whole—for the description is of such a superior order—the language, always so good, and often so strikingly beautiful, that we are unwilling to leave the book, until the good at the end is gained. There is one scene in it, which will always linger on the recollection of the reader. Like the scene in *Tales of my Landlord*, where Merton listens to the ticking of the clock, as he gazes upon its dial-plate, with death silently lingering upon the advancing hour-hand, it will never be forgotten. We mean the scene in which the body of Sir John Tyrrell is found murdered. "The cold and lifeless moonbeams falling around and upon the spot like a shroud"—the description of the mangled body—the countenance—the lovely tree, and the still dream, is drawn with the pen of a master. Sir Reginald Glanville's narrative is told with great power,—and the character of the accomplished knave, Job Johnson, is life itself. That there are faults in Pelham, is true—but that as a whole, it is a superior production, is equally certain. There are times when the author's forte is too much exhibited—namely, tracing too minutely, a delicate thought, or a high idea. It is, we think, superior to Vivian Grey, or Almack's, two works written by the same author. His touches in high life are given with great truth and effect. Another novel, called "*The Disowned*," by the author of Pelham," has been published in London, and judging from some extracts, copied into the New York *Albion*, we should think the author had lost more of that fame by his last effort which he is rapidly building for himself.

*Striped Shirts*.—As we predicted, this article would not take. Though fashion knows no law, yet there are things too preposterous and absurd, to go down—and this was the case with the attempt to introduce so horrid a fashion. Simpson, in his amusing lessons of "*Life in Philadelphia*," has turned the *streaked shirt* into "marvellous proper" ridicule. A huge negro, with every article of his apparel distorted to the top of fashion, is looking at "*Miss Dinah*" with self-exultation depicted in his countenance, and from between his "lips like savory sausages" goes forth the inquiring label, "How de like de NEW FASHIONED SHIRT, Miss Dinah?" to which the female member of the coloured *ton*, not inaptly replies—"You look like *Pluto*, the god of War!" Our Philadelphia Brummells, will doubtless take in high dudgeon this endeavor to destroy, by caricature, the increase of their striped and checked ornaments.

The Boston Statesman has, within the last few months, published very many original poems, most of them remarkable for genuine poetic merit; and some of them, we must say, most insufferably dull. They are, principally, the productions of gentlemen who are paid for their contributions, in the same way that writers for the London press are paid—that is, they are engaged as regular contributors, at a stipulated salary; though the prices paid in the two cities bear no comparison to each other—a single London paper being able to support a dozen writers, while one writer in Boston must depend on a dozen papers for support. Among the contributors to the Boston press, Mr. N. P. Willis is the most conspicuous. We be-

lieve he is a regular contributor to the Statesman, and has heretofore been the editor of the "*Token*." In Philadelphia, we believe, no editors of newspapers pay for contributions, because the patronage bestowed upon them by the public does not enable them to do so. With other periodicals, the case is different; for it is said that Messrs. Carey and Lea have paid for literary contributions to their *Souvenir* and *Quarterly Review*, during the past year, the sum of twenty thousand dollars! They have no doubt been amply remunerated for this liberal expenditure, in the extended circulation of those two periodicals. We take the following poem from a late number of the Boston Statesman. It is hardly equal to many that have appeared in the same paper.

## STANZAS.

*On seeing, through a distant window, a Belle completing her Toilet for a ball.*

'Tis well—that clustering shade  
Is on thy forehead sweetly laid;  
And that light curl that slumbers by  
Makes deeper yet thy depth of eye;  
And that white rose that decks thy hair  
Just wins the eye to linger there,  
Yet makes it not to note the less  
The beauty of that raven tress.

Thy coral necklace—ear rings too?  
Nay—nay—not them—no darker hue  
Than thy white bosom be, to-night,  
On that fair neck the bar of light,  
Or hide the veins that faintly glow  
And wander in that living snow.

What!—yet another? can it be  
That neck needs ornament to thee?  
Yet not thy jewels!—they are bright,  
But that dark eye has softer light,  
And tho' each gem had been a star,  
Thy simple self were lovelier far—  
Yet stay! that string of matchless pearl?  
Nay—wear it—wear it—radiant girl!  
For ocean's best of pure and white  
Should only be thy foil to-night.

Aye, turn thee round! 'tis lovely all—  
Thou'lt have no peer at that gay ball!  
And that proud toss!—it makes thee smile  
To see how deep is thine own wile;  
And that slow look that seems to stray  
As each sweet feature made it stay—  
And that small finger lightly laid  
On dimpled cheek and glossy braid,  
As if to know that all they seem,  
Is really there, and not a dream—  
I wish I knew the gentle thought  
By all this living beauty wrought—  
I wish I knew if that sweet brow,  
That neck on which thou gazest now—  
If thy rich lip and brilliant face—  
Thy perfect figure's breezy grace—  
If these are half the spell to thee  
That will, this night, bewilder me!

The following is the commencement of the carriers' New Year's Address for the Montreal Gazette:—

SCENE—A BREAKFAST TABLE.  
Eleven o'clock.

"Listen! a rap—pray what is it o'clock?  
Too early, sure, for any one to call—  
Bless me, 'tis past eleven o'clock—a double knock,  
And I believe there's some one in the hall."  
The ladies start, all in a monstrous flurry,  
And quick to doff the morning gown they hurry,  
And free from *papillote* each shining tress,  
When enters John their fears to calm,  
And gives a paper, simply saying "Ma'am,  
The Printer's boy has brought you his Address."  
"For these Addresses I have long set down  
As the most stupid boring things on earth."  
"Oh! very well—here give him this half crown,  
Ten times as much, I'll warrant, as 'tis worth."

As a set-off to the rapid conveyance of the Governor's message, from Albany to Poughkeepsie in six hours, the editor of the *Schenectady Republican* says he received the same message from Albany, a distance of 52 miles, in the remarkable short period of five days. This world is made up of checks and balances. It is doubtful whether the mass of men travel faster than they did. On another occasion, the same editor received a letter from a Post Master of his own county at the rate of two miles per day. However, he says, very humbly—it was worth waiting for, as it contained a dollar bill, and cost no postage.

## REMOVAL.

The Office of the ARIEL is removed to No. 95, Chestnut Street, (back) eight doors below the Post Office, where subscriptions, &c., will be thankfully received.

## ENLARGEMENT OF THE ARIEL.

In consequence of the great and unprecedented patronage bestowed upon the ARIEL, during the two years which it has been established, and to testify to its numerous patrons that their favor has not been lost upon him, the Editor takes especial pleasure in announcing his intention to commence the publication of the *Third Volume*, in a new and improved style, hitherto unsurpassed by any periodical publication in the Union. Our efforts to produce a neat and cheap literary publication, have been approved by a list of subscribers, greater, it is believed, than has ever before been obtained to any publication of the kind. With the contemplated improvements, the work will be decidedly the cheapest ever offered to the American public.

Arrangements are now making to issue a number, as a specimen of what the improvements will be. This specimen number will be speedily printed, and copies sent to all our Agents at a distance, who are earnestly requested to call upon subscribers, and exhibit the same for their inspection. It will also be sent to subscribers where there is no Agent, on its being requested, postage paid. This specimen number will contain a splendid engraving, superior to any which have ever appeared in the ARIEL, and which the Editor has procured at a great expense, expressly for the ARIEL. A large number will be printed for gratuitous distribution.

The principal features of our proposed improvement are as follow—

*First*—The ARIEL will be issued on a sheet of extra-super-royal paper, of better quality than that heretofore used, with four columns on a page, in place of three only. In this way, nearly three additional pages will be added every number, the price of the work remaining the same.

*Second*—The embellishments will be of a superior order. The engraving in the specimen number shall be a fair sample of all the rest. Arrangements have been made to present our readers with a most splendid set of engravings, illustrative of the most impressive scenes in Cooper's popular novels of the *Spy*, and *Pioneers*, and in Scott's novels of *Guy Rannering*, and *The Heart of Mid Lothian*. These embellishments we fearlessly put in competition with those of the most lauded periodical.

*Third*—The matter of the ARIEL shall be prepared with increased attention to the gratification of its readers. The choicest English standard literary magazines, and other publications, will be freely used to give its pages a dignified and respectable station among the periodicals of America. In addition to this, several writers of acknowledged talent will be called into the service—so as to enable the Editor to present to his readers a semi-monthly sheet, against which no reasonable objection can be made.

*Fourth*—To make the ARIEL more generally acceptable, it will occasionally contain a popular and fashionable piece of *Musie*.

*Fifth*—The embellishments will, as heretofore, appear in every third number. The papers will be mailed, with unflinching certainty, every Friday night before publication, and secured in substantial wrappers. The same terms will be extended to Agents.

With this general outline of our intentions, leaving it to be filled up by the work itself, we ask the indulgence of our numerous patrons until we can appear before them in our new and enlarged dress.

## TERMS.

The ARIEL will be published every other Saturday, at One Dollar and Fifty cents yearly, payable in all cases in advance.

Every third number will be embellished with a splendid quarto copperplate engraving.

Any gentleman procuring seven subscribers, and remitting ten dollars, shall receive the eighth copy for his trouble.

Mr. John E. Brooks, No. 43, Courtland Street, New York, is Agent for the ARIEL. Subscribers in that city will be served by carriers the day on which the paper is published.

Montgomery, the celebrated poet, has engaged to lend his aid in compiling a biographical sketch of the late lamented and admired Rev. John Somerfield.

*Philadelphia Water Works*.—It appears by the report of the Watering Committee of this city, that 23,385 feet of iron pipes were laid last year, and that the whole extent of the pipes now, exceeds 32 miles.

The members of the Rev. Dr. Skinner's church, in Philadelphia, at a meeting held last week, came forward, males and females, and signed a pledge that they would not, hereafter, partake of any ardent spirits whatever, except as a medicine.

A petition presented to the Ohio State Legislature, praying for the organization of the Thompsonian Medical Societies, was referred to the Committee on the *Penitentiary*. The member who proposed the reference, stated, that

"He had been informed that a worthy citizen of Hamilton county had recently fallen a victim to the Thompsonian practice, under circumstances which rendered it quite probable that the practitioner with whom the accident had happened, would be permitted to finish his studies in the penitentiary; that cases of the same kind were likely to occur hereafter; and that, consequently, the committee on the penitentiary was better qualified than any other, to make cognizance of the subject."

Old things now-a-days, in the poetical way, at least, are much better than new ones; and in opening any one volume of ancient poetry, you will find more beautiful specimens of the art than in an hundred of our modern magazines. We have selected the following, not because it was old, but because it was good, innocently thinking that a good thing might pass muster, even if it was a little old. It is from the pen of a writer of another school of poetry entirely different from the present—Thomas G. Fessenden, alias Dr. Caustic—one of the keenest satirists, by the way, that ever wrote. There is a bluntness in the style, which is amply made up in its genuine pith and the excellent moral which the whole contains.

Miss Ann, you are, it seems to me,  
An essence all ethereal;  
The brightest being that can be,  
Entirely immaterial.

A pencil tipped with solar rays,  
Your charms could scarcely blazon;  
Contrasted with your beauty's blaze  
Bright Sol's a pewter basin.

Transcendent little sprig of light,  
If rhymes are always true,  
An angel is an ugly sprite,  
Compared to sylph like you.

You frowning tell me, "this indeed  
Is flattery past all bearing,  
I ne'er before did hear or read  
Of any quite so glaring."

Yes, this is flattery sure enough,  
And its exaggeration  
May teach you how to hold such stuff  
In utter detestation.

Should beaux your ladyship accost  
With something like this flummery,  
Tell them their labor will be lost,  
For this transcends their mummery.

The man whose favor's worth a thought,  
To flattery can't descend;  
The servile sycophant is not  
Your lover or your friend.

**PATERNAL FALSEHOODS.**—A writer in the *Literary Gazette*, in noticing 'Mrs. Opie's illustrations of lying,' has the following remarks which we recommend to the attention of parents.

There are one class of lies, which we are a little surprised did not attract a larger share of Mrs. Opie's attention; *lies told by Parents to their children*.—We believe that the slight regard in which strict truth is held among mankind, is principally owing to the lies, which are told to children by their parents, during the few first years of their lives. Then is the time that permanent impressions may be as well made as at any later period. It is then, probably, that what is called the natural propensity of a child is unfolded. Many persons who have great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many, the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress.—Lies are told them, to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If the child is to take physic the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if recreant she says she will send for the Doctor to cut off his ears or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once, and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children, by making promises which they never intend to perform. If they wish, for instance, to take away some eatable, which they fear will be injurious, they reconcile them by the promise of a ride or a walk, or something else which will please them, but without any intention of gratifying, them.—This is lying, downright. People think nothing of breaking their promises to children, if the performance be not perfectly convenient. But they are the last persons to whom promises should be broken, because they cannot comprehend the reason, if there be one, why they are not kept. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. For the child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than such an inconvenience can be to a parent.

We have only noticed a few of the cases of lying to children, but enough to illustrate the frequency of it. And yet, after having pursued a course of deception for the two or three first years of life, if the parent then finds his child is trying to deceive him, and will tell a downright lie, he wonders how he should have learned to do so, for he always "taught" him to speak the truth; not reflecting that he has been lying to him from his very birth. So he attributes those habits to an innate disposition and tendency to falsehood, which he has himself been fostering and nourishing from the first.

**ATTIC STORIES.**—The Chinese have an abhorrence of lofty houses. Some of the Missionaries, on showing the model of an European house, several stories high, to the Emperor Kang-hi, were asked by that prince, whether in Europe they were straightened for room below, that they were forced thus to take up their lodgings in the air.



**STOP MY PAPER!**—Every man must have some object whereon to vent his spleen—"energetic bile" must have its way, or one gets the jaundice. We once knew a man who, as often as he was kicked and cuffed by the world, was sure to flog his wife and children, by way of balancing the account. Another had his nose pulled in a ball-room, and instantly he posted off to his lodgings and caned his negro. Lord Byron used to swear, when any thing went wrong with him—that old bear, Doctor Johnson, swallowed oceans of tea, and the impetuous Alfieri mounted a wild horse. Every one to his taste, and in this country the taste is for a man to d—n his newspaper incontinently, when he becomes bilious. Let us take examples:

A man wakes up with the tooth-ache, eats no breakfast, and goes off grumbling to his place of business. He takes up his newspaper—finds something in it in exact accordance with his own opinions, and instantly sends a note the editors with instructions to stop his paper. He has his tooth pulled in the course of a day, feels the want of his paper the next morning, and puts his name anew to the subscription list. "Stop my paper!" bawls A. B. you are opposed to the tariff, and like a liberal man as I am, I will not listen to your arguments against it." "Stop my paper," shouts C. D. "you are a confounded Turk, and I'll have nothing to do with you." "Stop my paper," cries E. F. "you refused to insert a puff for my newly invented flea-trap." "Stop my paper," roars G. H. "You have dared to express an opinion of your own, when you knew that I thought differently." "Stop my paper," exclaims I. J. "I cannot make a tool of you, and you will not do for me." and so on till you come to Y. Z. Magnanimous mortals, what fine editors you would make.—*N. Y. Courier.*

**NIAGARA FALLS.**—The late grand crash of an acre or two of the superincumbent rock at Niagara Falls, was predicted by Capt. Basil Hall, at the time of his visit to the great cataract in 1827. In a letter from Capt. Hall to Professor Siliman, which we find in the Edinburgh Scotsman, in describing his visit to the cave within, or beyond the sheet of water—we find the following:—

"Within the sheet of water there is a violent wind, caused by the air carried down by the falling water. Every stream of falling water, as you know, produces more or less, a blast of this nature; but I had no conception that so great an effect could have been produced by this cause. I am really at a loss how to measure it—but I have no hesitation in saying, that it exceeded the most furious squall or gust of wind I have met with in any part of the world. The direction of the blast is generally slanting upwards, from the surface of the pool, and is chiefly directed towards the face of the cliff, and being of a friable, shelly character, is gradually eaten away; so that the top of the precipice now overhangs the base thirty-five or forty feet; and in a short time, I should think, the upper strata would prove too weak for the enormous load of water, which they bear, when the whole cliff will tumble down. These vehement blasts are accompanied by floods of water, much more compact than the heaviest thunder shower."

A boy of fifteen was bitten two months since by a dog in a rabid state; he died at Hayes, raving mad, though the part was cut away at the time.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

The New England Farmer says, that the breed of horses is bad, because the colts are not well fed during the winter. Give them hay, oats, &c., &c., but no grog, and they will make good horses. We once heard of a man and his horse, who regularly got drunk once a month. One night they both tumbled off a bridge, and were drowned.

A timber merchant at Weedsport, N. Y. *alias* a pedlar of brooms, recommends his wares as "Jackson brooms, with real hickory handles."

**High Life in Washington.**—A Winebago squaw has made her appearance in the streets of that city in a blanket, and a white satin hat and feathers, and a parasol.

**Royal Nonsense.**—The old queen of Wurtemberg, a sister of the king of England, lately died, and the people were required to mourn, by an order of the Lords in Council! The people in England did not care a fig about her, but were obliged to assume the "weeds of woe" to please the king. This manifestation of sorrow may be called *grief by proxy*.

On the 16th of December, the house of Mr. John Jacobs, merchant of Port de Grave, near Halifax, was destroyed by fire, and Mrs. Jacobs, her three children and two servants were burnt to death.

The committee on agriculture, in the legislature of Missouri, have offered a resolve, requesting the principal state officers to dress in clothing of the growth and manufacture of that state, as the example of men high in office have great influence.

At Dummerstown, Vt. on Monday week, at a shooting, a rifle was accidentally discharged, which passed through the side of a house, through the thigh of a person in one of the chambers, and then through the body of Mr. George Pierce, son of Mr. Samuel Pierce, of Westmoreland, aged 26, who was at the time sitting at a table. Mr. P. lived about an hour after.

By a letter from Nashville to a gentleman in this city, we learn that General Jackson expects to be in Washington city on the 10th of this month, and not on the 5th, as has been published.

As Mr. William H. Lenox, of Arkansas, with his wife and two of her daughters, by a former husband, were crossing the Arkansas river in a small canoe, it accidentally upset, and the three ladies were drowned. Mr. L. saved himself with much difficulty. The young ladies were daughters of Mr. James Hamilton, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio.

A man named Joseph Skinner, in Plainfield, was frozen to death on Friday, the 9th ult. We understand the unhappy man was intoxicated when death in this awful form overtook him.

**Look to your entry doors.**—The city is beset by a swarm of entry thieves. We understand from a police officer, that more than twenty complaints have come within his knowledge, from people whose entries have been plundered within the past week.

**A bold practitioner.**—A steam doctor in Cincinnati, in a publication, acknowledges that he actually had the temerity to take a dose of his own medicine, in presence of a witness—and to the astonishment of all, he survived it.

The finances of the state of Illinois, are 46,000 dollars short. Of late, several of the states have been in a condition to take the 'benefit of the net.' Uncle Sam ought to keep his daughters in better order than allow them to get so often in debt.

**Disgraceful.**—General Jackson was burnt in effigy at Hartford, Conn. on the 8th ult., even after the news of his wife's death. Hand-bills were also scattered over the city, on which were pictured a gallows and a halter, with the motto "the hero's reward."

**Venerable Legislators.**—There are two members in the house of Assembly, of the state of New Jersey, whose united ages amount to 157 years.

The legislature of Louisiana, not being able to do any business for a week, for want of a quorum, the attending members adopted a rule of taking a daily list of the absent Members, and stopping their pay.

The Boston Palladium informs the world that it is customary at dinners in Boston, to leave the bones and plates unclean. This is quite a civilized custom, and we are glad to be informed of it. In some parts of Europe it is a practice at wine parties to break glasses, decanters, etc. at the close of the party, and pay for them as a legitimate part of the bill. We are uncertain whether they are eaten.

**Chinese Epicurism.**—Dogs are fattened and eaten in China as a delicious food, and are always found at the tables of the great. A man by night is helped to the flesh of an ape, and being told it is the flesh of a dog, thinks it good; next morning he is informed what he hath eaten, and falls a vomiting.

A monkey was shot, to the great joy of the Meeshmies, who prefer its flesh to that of any other animal. Having nothing for our dinner but plain rice, we were much tempted to taste it; but the poor beast, when skinned, looked so much like a new-born infant that we restrained our curiosity.

**Ignorance and Vice.**—The Richmond Visitor estimates that there are 20,000 children in Virginia, between the age of five and six, who are growing up in ignorance. The parents are as ignorant as the children.

Mrs. Lydia Beal offers a reward of fifteen dollars, in the Hingham, Mass. Gazette, for the detection of the villain or villains who tore down her house on North Glad-Tidings Plain. The first attack was made on the night of the 18th of October, when the windows were broken, the door taken down, and the family obliged to fly for refuge. The next dark night the house was cut and torn down.

All's well in Welfleet, Cape Cod. Last year there were twenty marriages, seventy births, and twenty-two deaths, of whom 12 were children.—Eight dwelling houses and five vessels were built.

A field in the southern part of Concord, Mass. of about five acres, was seen covered with robins, a few days since. The ground seemed alive with them.

A village newspaper, in Maine, complains the young ladies of the place dance with both Jackson and Adams men.

Moreau, shortly before leaving this country, said that he had critically examined Wellington's peninsular campaigns without discovering a fault; that he was at first inclined to blame the Duke for fighting the battle of Talavera, but was afterwards convinced of its necessity.

The notorious Mrs. Whipple, whose husband was shot by Strang, has recently married, at Brunswick, N. J. a Mr. Freeman.

Judge Jefferson once said, pointing to a prisoner—"there is a great rogue at the end of my cane." "At which end, my Lord," asked the culprit.

In November, a cook in the British navy, with no arms, and but one eye, was bound over to keep the peace. Both his sureties were cooks. One had lost his leg, the other his arms.

A man named Henry Thorndike, residing in the Western Reserve, Ohio, gives notice in the papers that he will meet twenty of the best sportsmen in the neighborhood, and shoot for twenty dollars. Twenty dollars are also offered as a bet, as to who will throw a stone furthest with his naked hand, or eat the most fresh oysters.

It is in contemplation in Boston to establish a literary room expressly for the ladies. It is to be furnished with the most approved American and European periodical publications of the time.

**Gas Lights.**—While Miss Wright was lecturing on Sunday last, in the Masonic Hall, New York, some naughty wag turned the cock of the main gas pipe, and enveloped the room in darkness, from which the company were partially relieved by a supply of candles, and on Wednesday evening a similar occurrence took place at the Park Theatre.

A "Ladies' Fair," for the benefit of the "Female Humane Society," was recently held in Richmond, Va. The whole receipts of the Fair were \$3,200 dollars, and the nett profits 2000 dollars.

Some of the wags attribute the accident which befel Don Miguel, to his having taken *Madeira*.

In the city of New York there are four hundred and fifty four of the name of Smith, and sixty-three of the name of John Smith.

**Appropriate.**—An Ohio paper contains an essay "On Flattery—by a Lady," signed with the initials "J. A. W." which spells something which every body knows some "ladies" are much addicted to.

A member of a southern Legislature spoke five hours on the Tariff. "Pooh!" says a Kentucky editor, "We have members that speak a speech of three days long, and from Tartary to the Rocky Mountains in breadth."

On the continent, particularly in Italy, the dials of the public clocks are generally twice the size of our's, and the time is consequently ascertained from a proportionably greater distance.

The name of William Roscoe, of Liverpool, is known extensively in this country: and wherever known, Americans have cause to respect it. His poem, on the "tree of concord," under which William Penn held his treaty with the Indians, has long ago introduced him to the favorable notice of our countrymen: while his other works have obtained for him an equally enviable reputation at home. Of late years he has ceased to court the visits of the Muses, as the infirmities of age are creeping fast upon him. We are glad, however, to present our readers with one more effusion from his gifted pen. We find it in the London Keepsake, into which it was translated from the Album of a young American traveller. It was most likely written many years ago—perhaps in Roscoe's youth; as, although pretty, it is much inferior to most of his productions.

From distant climes the stranger came  
With friendly view and social aim,  
The various tribes of earth to scan,  
As friend to friend, as man to man.

No glittering stones the stranger brought;  
No arts professed, no wealth he sought;  
His every wish one view confin'd,  
The interchange of mind with mind.

What he the richest prize would deem,  
Was friendship, kindness, and esteem;  
What he could in return impart—  
The same warm feelings of the heart.

Not his with selfish views alone,  
To trace his course from zone to zone;  
His hope—to stretch affection's chain  
From land to land—from main to main.

The various powers and virtues tell  
In human heads and hearts that dwell;  
In bonds of love the race to bind,  
And make one people of mankind.

Essays, sermons, and lectures on intemperance, are a mere drug; there is no turning over a newspaper of any kind but you may find a dozen. Yet they ought not to be read the less, or their recommendations more slightly regarded. The ground which their authors assume, has been gone over an hundred times before; so that to make people read them, some novelty, or some peculiarly captivating style must be adopted, like the heading to our lottery advertisements. The writer of the following lines has adopted this plan. There is a little novelty in his manner, and a good deal of beauty in his style—enough, at least, to make his worn-out subject of intemperance quite bearable. The piece is taken from *The Southron*, a paper but recently established in one of the southern states.

#### THE DRUNKARD.

I saw him, 'twas at dawn of day,  
Before an ale-house door;  
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parch'd,  
I view'd him o'er and o'er.  
His infant boy clung to his side,  
And lisping to him, said,  
"Come father—mother's sick at home;  
And sister cries for bread."

He trembling rose and stagger'd in,  
As oft he'd done before,  
And to the landlord faultering said,  
"Come, give us one glass more."  
The host complies—his purple lips  
Now press the venom'd bowl;  
He drinks—while wife and children starve,  
To ruin sends his soul.

A year elaps'd—I pass'd that way—  
A crowd stood at the door—  
I ask'd the cause, when one replied,  
"Ned Hawkins is no more."  
I saw his funeral move along,  
No wife nor child was there—  
They, too, had join'd their mother earth,  
And left this world of care.

Reflect! ye vot'ries of the bowl—  
Know ye 'tis heaven's decree,  
"Ye ne'er shall taste eternal life,  
Lest from the bowl you flee."  
Reflect! ere wife and children mourn;  
Fly from the ale-house, fly!  
Or you'll, like Ned, neglected live,  
Like him, neglected die.

If the annexed poem has a homely title, it must not follow that the poem itself is homely.  
"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."  
The coarseness of his costume cannot conceal the gentleman.

#### EDITH.

Arouse thee, Lady Edith!  
For the hunters are below;  
And thy sire thy presence needeth  
To complete the stately show.  
The huntsman's horn is sounding,  
And the hounds are by the gates;  
And there, in richest trappings decked,  
Thine own white palfrey waits.

Then they must ride without me,  
For I cannot go to-day,  
There's a languor hangs about me  
That I cannot chase away.  
I am tired with last night's revel,  
And I know my cheek is pale;  
And I cannot face that company,  
Nor bear the searching gale.

Now tarry not, fair Edith,  
On such an idle plea,  
Or, when the quarry bleedeth,  
Thou'lt not be there to see!  
Come, on thy riding kirtle,  
Thou never yet was weak;  
And the morning wind will kiss awake  
The roses of thy cheek.

Fay, bid them wait no longer,  
But cheer their dark hounds on,  
Nor though my limbs were stronger,  
Yet my spirit's strength is gone:  
For I fear my white steed's daring,  
And I fear the stag at bay;  
And the fierceness of the yelling hounds,—  
I dare not go to-day!

Now shame upon thee, Edith,  
For thy falsehood and deceit;  
In vain thy dark eye pleadeth,  
For I'll punish thee, fair cheat!  
Oh! see I not thy glances,  
Cast o'er the castle wall?  
And see I not that gallant youth  
Who rides the first of all?

In vain—in vain! fair Edith,  
Thou wrapp'st thee in thy veil;  
Mine eye in that act readeth,  
That thy cheek no more is pale.  
And thou can'st not hide it from me  
The cause that thus can move;  
It is not weariness or fear,—  
No, Edith,—it is Love!

#### AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use  
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

In the burying ground of St. Catharine's, Gloucester, and near to the venerable ruins of the ancient church of that name, is a tomb with the following inscription, which, from its peculiar style and subject matter of record, we present to our readers:—

"Here lieth old Mr. Richard Tully,  
Who lived C and 3 years fully;  
He did the sword of the City bear  
Before the Mayor thirty-one year.  
Four wives he had, and here they lie,  
All waiting Heaven's eternity.  
He died March 1st 1619."

L. B. Wells, so called, has been arrested in New York, for taking some goods to learn if they suited his lady, and not only forgetting to return to give the important intelligence, but having sold such goods somewhere in the Bowery. L. B. Wells, after having been exposed to the publicity of the Police Office, has proved to be a bad fellow altogether; other charges rise up against him as if his name was haunted.

#### Epigram from the Greek.

If, at the bottom of a cask,  
Be left of wine a little flask,  
It soon grows acid:—so when man,  
Living through life's most lengthened span,  
His joys all drain'd or turn'd to tears,

Sinks to the lees of fourscore years,  
And sees approach death's darksome hour,  
No wonder if he's somewhat sour.

Why am I, when I put by money, like myself when I squander it? Because in either case I am—ass.

Why is an oak tree like a tight shoe?—Because it produces a-corn.

Why may the earth equally as well be called fire, earth, or water? Because it is ether (*ether*.)

Why is a black-leg superior to a man who is superior to him? He is a *better*.

Why is a Nantucket Whaleman like a crying child?—Because he is given to blubber.

Why is a man disappointed in obtaining a kiss, like a shipwrecked fisherman?—Guess girls. D'ye give it up? Because he has lost his *smack*.

A beautiful thought is contained in the following lines.

#### Epitaph on an Infant.

He took the cup of life to sip,  
For bitter 'twas to drain;  
He put it meekly from his lip,  
And went to sleep again.

A LONG TABLE.—A gentleman, writing the History of the Table, has made a curious calculation. Solomon the wise gave a feast in the court-yard of the Temple, at which were consumed 22,000 oxen, and 120,000 sheep. This feast, then, would require sixty acres of land for kitchens, 17,000 cooks, and allowing one pound of meat to each guest, and eighteen inches to each seat, the table would extend the whole length of Solomon's kingdom, viz: from Dan to Beersheba, or from White-chapel Church to Bristol Cross!!

They who are the least apt to offend, are the most ready to forgive.

In religious disquisitions, the tongue does not always represent the mind.

REPARTEE.—The Duke of Marlboro' drove up to the door of his grace of St. Albans, at Brighton the other day, and said to the footman, "My compliments to her Grace, and I have called to pay my respects." "Tell the fellow," bellowed out the Duchess, "I'd rather he'd pay the 1,000*l* he owes me."

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.—Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote: A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

RENOWNED WHISKEY.—Three Irishmen, who had drank pretty freely of whiskey at a tavern in Dublin, were loud in their praise of its virtues as they reeled along the banks of the Liffey. One of them had just declared that "Whiskey was meat and drink to a man;" when his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. "There Pat," said one of his friends, "you are fully provided for; you had meat and drink, and now you have got washing and lodging."

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